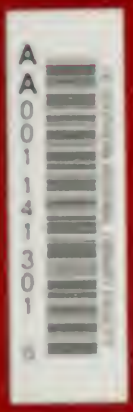

# BRIEF MEMOIR OF ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

Alex. Macmillan

*from a portrait painted in 1889*
*by Sir Hubert von Herkomer R.A.*

# Brief Memoir of
# Alexander Macmillan

By his Son
George A. Macmillan

*Being the Introduction to a Selection of Alexander Macmillan's Letters*

With Portraits

Printed for Private Circulation
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# INTRODUCTION

After my father's death in January 1896, our old friend Mr. John Morley encouraged me in making a selection of his letters, and held out some hope that if such a selection were made he might himself write an appreciation by way of preface. Unfortunately, the pressure of other occupations and the mass of letters to be read prevented my making much progress with the matter, and although now and again I found time to read through some of the early letter-books of the firm, it was not until 1905 that I found an efficient helper in Mr. A. Tilney Bassett, who, under my general supervision, went through the remainder of the books and made type-written copies of the letters which seemed worth preserving. These were then carefully sifted with the help of various members of the family, and especially of my sister Mrs. Dyer, and were eventually put into type. My idea at that time was to publish a selection from the Letters with a thread of biographical narrative sufficient to explain them and to hold them together. The Letters were submitted in proof to Mr. Morley in the summer of 1906, and he then strongly advised that, instead of publishing them as they stood with an explanatory narrative, they should be used as material for a regular biography which should present as vivid a picture as possible of the man and his work. We naturally felt that Mr. Morley himself, a master of the craft, and one who had been closely associated

with my father for nearly thirty years, was the ideal biographer. But unfortunately the cares of his important office, and other literary work to which he was committed, made it impossible for him to accept our invitation, and in the end the work was undertaken by Mr. C. L. Graves, who had already written for the firm an admirable biography of my father's old friend Sir George Grove.

As, however, so many Letters were already in type, of which only a small proportion could be used in the biography, it was thought that the collection as it stood, with a brief introduction, might be privately issued for the family and personal friends.

The following narrative may serve to make the letters more intelligible, and it seems well to preface it by the following delightful autobiographical letter to an old Irvine schoolfellow, which was sent to us by its recipient after my father's death:

Streatham Lane,
Upper Tooting, S.W.,
*October* 17, 1870.

My dear Speirs:

When I came home to-night from business, I gave your most welcome letter to my wife to read, and she being a wifely-minded woman was vastly pleased therewith, and vowed that it should forthwith be placed in the family archives.

Indeed, my dear friend, your letter was very pleasant to me. It may seem strange to other people, that I who really care intensely for the simple human being and his individual worth, and not very much for what is known as "position in society," "rank," "birth," and the like, have yet the most intense interest in, and love for old memories, old associations, old friends. You have been among the old and dearly cherished memories of my very chequered boyhood. I don't think we were very long schoolfellows together, for you will remember, at least I do, how very poor our family was, so that even the very moderate school-fee that was charged at the Academy was a matter of consideration to us. But I remember very vividly some "stirring incidents" in our common school life, and your prominence in the actions,

small in the world's history, but curiously important in one's own personal life. I remember a great "stane-battle" with Scott's School (of which, oddly enough, I was *Head-Master* afterwards, for three months, when I was of the mature years of fifteen or sixteen) in which I think you were one of the leaders. I remember, too, great snowball fights, in which you and David and John Watt were among our champions, with the town-end weavers. I remember, also, one somewhat riotous and irregular affair, when you and David Watt and I went down to the shore to "dook," and varied our walk along the Halfway by shutting all the "window-brodds" as we went along, to the disturbance of the auld wives who rushed out to see what was up. I was reminding David Watt whom I see now and then here, of this affair, and charging him with being the leader, which with his native modesty, he repudiated, so it may have been *you* after all.

Poor Danie Stewart! You are quite right. He was an assiduous teacher, tho' wholly lacking as I believe in skill or manliness to draw out the gifts and strengthen the moral tone of his pupils. On the whole, I am afraid my feeling towards him, then and since, was hardly one of respect or reverence. I call to mind a great scene when John Watt took up his bag and bonnet, and rushed out of the School, flinging back some saucy taunt as he left the room. And do you remember the fines, a "bawbee" I think, imposed on us for being late, and a great conspiracy when all the bigger boys deliberately stayed some quarter of an hour late, and went in in a body gravely and quietly as if it was all right? Poor old Danie! But what a different man Connel was, the master of the Commercial Department. He stands clear and wholesome before me now, with his small well-knit figure, giving out with rare lucid skill the rules of arithmetic—not a very high region perhaps, but high enough to exhibit what I cannot doubt was as fine an intellect, and as true a skill in imparting its ascertainment, as I ever saw. And how simple and noble his whole moral tone was. Discipline was maintained in a way that commended itself at once to the conscience and judgment of every boy to whom God had given a reasonable share of either. I think I was only three months with him, and the impression he made on me was such that even now, when I know most of the head-masters of the great public schools of England, as personal friends more or less, I am constantly thinking and comparing them with Connel. You

remember he went to the High School at Glasgow afterwards. What a lesson it is in his life to think how great is the influence unseen and unnoted at the time, a man intent on doing his work simply, unselfishly, manfully, may have on the future of any man's life. I owe much to his memory. I think he was a common hand-loom weaver in early life, and taught himself most of what he knew. And yet he was a perfect gentleman, courteous, high-toned, simple, really noble, and with what keen intellect! That was my impression then, and it was singularly confirmed to me after we went to Cambridge, and had already become publishers of some of the best educational books in Higher Mathematics. After Connel's death, some one in Glasgow wrote to our house (my dear brother Daniel was then alive) sending us a copy of a work on Differential Calculus, which he had written and published in Glasgow or Edinburgh, I forget which, and asking if we would publish a new edition of it. We had just published Todhunter's book on the subject, which then was at once accepted as the best that could well be done, and which still after twenty years holds its place undisputed. But, remembering Connel, I asked several very able men to look at it, and tell me what they thought of it. While saying it would not stand before Todhunter, they, one and all, expressed great admiration of it, and thought that, considering that the author had not had a Cambridge or Oxford training, it was really a masterly work. Todhunter is a man of the very highest powers and acquirements: he was Senior Wrangler, that is, the best mathematician in his year; an accomplished tutor of his college besides, and a man far above the average even of Senior Wranglers, so that for Connel's book to be thought of at all in comparison with his, was a very high honour indeed. I can assure you that I was not a little proud of dear old Irvine and its Academy, when I got this opinion.

I am rather sorry in looking over the list of names you give as our class-fellows that I can remember distinctly only two—John Watt and William Johnston. David Watt told me in a letter I had from him the other day, that on his recent visit to America, he had seen and spent a long evening with Johnston. He is in very bad health, paralysed, I think he said. But he has been prosperous, and is wealthy and comfortable. I met him—Butterfly we used to call him—but he was then a big burly man far removed from the slight figure that led to his name—I think twenty years ago, on the top

of a coach going from Glasgow to Stewarton. I had not much talk with him, but he told me he was in some line of business in Canada, and getting on well. I don't think as a boy he impressed me much. Of all others the boy I think of with peculiar interest was Willie Boyd. Robert Buchanan, who is in London, as perhaps you know, in the shipbroking business, and whom I see now and then, came to dine with me on my birthday—the third of this month (fifty-two years old I am, alas!)—and we had a long talk about yourself, the Watts, and other Irvine boys, and I asked him about Willie Boyd. He told me he thought he was in the wood-trade in St. Johns, Newfoundland. Do you know anything about him? I should greatly like to know about him. He was a pet pupil of Connel's, wonderfully quick at figures, very manly and good as I remember him, and such a pretty boy, graceful and bright as Antinous, or any Greek youth whom Socrates would have loved. I wonder if he has fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, or if he has turned out a mere mercantile drudge like the rest of us. Pardon me, I don't mean you, I mean myself. You kindly credit me with being the *Editor* of the magazine that bears my unworthy name. It is true I projected it: to some extent I influence its tone. I once wrote two pages of it, by permission of dear old Masson, its then editor; but I am only a dealer in literature as any one might be in cheese or pork. The early tastes you kindly note, have always clung to me, and when a series of those strange sequences of events, which our pious forefathers devoutly, and, as I think wisely, called providences of God, led me into dealing in books, there can be little doubt I was led into the line for which my natural gifts fitted me. But I don't write—poetry or prose. I am like Falstaff, the cause and origin of many books, but unlike him, not a creator of books (it was wit in his case) myself. I ought never to speak of my success in my business, which has been in many respects considerable, without saying how much I owe to the noblest and best of brothers, Daniel, who was my partner and guide for fourteen years, from the beginning of our business in Cambridge in 1843 till his death in 1857. Since then, over thirteen years ago, his children have been mine. His widow, an excellent and wise woman, lived with me and my wife till about four years since, when she died. Now his three sons and one daughter are as my own children. His eldest boy is with me in the business. He is nineteen, a clever, well-behaved boy. His second gained a scholarship at Uppingham Grammar School, which pays his

education and living while at school. His third is at a private school near Oxford. His daughter is taught at home with my own two girls, by a very excellent governess. My own family are four: Malcolm, just eighteen, has been educated at King's College School, London, and is just gone to my Cambridge retail business for a little training. He is as fond of books and poetry and science and general knowledge as his father was, but rather dreamy and wayward. Still he is a good boy, and not given to evil ways. My second boy, George, gained a scholarship at Eton two years ago. He is now fifteen and is well up in the school, always comes home with prizes, and is on the way to an Oxford or Cambridge Scholarship. A capital boy in his way, sorely given to larking and chattering, hates thinking and dreaming—a droll contrast to his brother—but I think he will get on in the world. My two little girls, *of course*, are darlings. I speculate and wonder at the variety of humanity possible in a small double family. I think of the old life we all had in the dear old Irvine home. They all know that they are the children of what the world calls *humble* parents, and I pray daily that I and they may learn to be humble and helpful, and carry on the world's work as in the sight of the Lord of Man, whose very highest character was that He was humble and helpful.

Here I am going on talking to you as if I was writing an autobiography, and probably boring you to death with my moralisings and memories. But you cannot tell how a letter like yours taps old springs of memory, and deep currents of thought and feeling which have become the very well-springs of my everyday life. The really great honour which my fellow-townsmen, through that admirable man the provost, did me, pleased me to a degree I cannot tell you. It would be a wholly misleading use of words if I were to say I was proud of it. It would be affectation of a contemptible kind, if I said that I did not recognise in the work I have done in the world, and the so-called *distinction* I have gained in my calling, a reason why they should seek to honour me in the way they have done. But after all is allowed by one's legitimate self-recognition of work honestly and fairly achieved, one is always driven back on the considerations you so well put, of how much one's "success in life," as it is called, depends on what seems *accident*, but as I said before, our fathers would truly have called *Providence*. And surely you show true insight, and insight informed with the truest of all wisdom—the wisdom of the *heart*, *love*, *kindness*, that which makes us one with Him

who is Love—when you point out how much depends on *the timely helping hand* to the young struggler in the world. I remember many such helping hands with gratitude unspeakable: I hope also with the sincerest desire to do to others as has been done to me. With peculiar pleasure, therefore, I send you the small sum which enrols me among the Life Members of the "Glasgow Irvine Club." I feel it really an honour to be permitted to belong to it. I remember well, when after a somewhat foolish attempt at being a sailor, I was left in Glasgow absolutely penniless. I went about the streets of Glasgow looking out for any sort of employment, and finally accepted with the deepest joy an ushership in a school with the munificent salary of £12 a year, on which I actually *lived* (I am alive still) for nine months. I had a good many really kind friends who were willing and anxious to help me. I don't think they could do more than they did, and that in the way of help to a situation was—nothing. I found this myself, and I fancy on the whole it was a good thing. I was then light-hearted, I suppose what the English call plucky. I went at the job I got, did it as well as I could, and so got on. It chanced to be in *my line.* If I had been offered a good porter's place at 6s. a week I would have taken it, but I don't think it would have suited me so well. Still I think I would have done it as well as I could. I never had the least ambition to *rise in the world*, as it is called. I think that is the bane of life and action. *Do the work that is given you*, that seems to me the real law of life. Never mind whether you rise or not. It makes my heart ache often when young fellows call on me, as they often do, asking for situations, or for work of a higher kind than they have. I have, I am thankful to say, often been able to help a man to work. I count it a great privilege when I can, but ambitious youths who want to rise in the world, and not simply to do the little bit of work God gives them, are very hopeless. I must stop. Your letter has set me on a vein of thought that I shall not work out to-night, and I am usually so occupied through the day with letter-writing, that friendly letters like this are written after ten o'clock, when my wife has gone to bed. It is now past one——she has just rung the bell, so I must go at once.

I cannot remember John Gray whom you speak so highly of. An able unsuccessful man always interests me. Please tell me about him. Do you ever come to London? I should so like to see you. If you will give me notice, I will try to get Robert Buchanan and David Watt to meet you. Can't

you and George Brown come together? We would have an Irvine night.

Yours most truly,

ALEX. MACMILLAN.

1818–1857.

Alexander Macmillan was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on October 3, 1818. An account of his family and origin has already been given to the world in the memoir of his elder brother and partner, Daniel Macmillan, by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan & Co., 1882). His father, Duncan, had moved from the island of Arran to the opposite mainland two years before Alexander's birth, and died when the boy was only five years old. His upbringing, therefore, as described in Mr. Hughes' memoir, depended in the main upon his mother, of whom he retained to the end a proud affection, and his elder brother Malcolm, for whom also his admiration was unbounded. Alexander was educated at the Irvine High School, to which reference is made in the preceding letter to his old schoolfellow. To the picture there suggested of the lively, high-spirited boy may be added the following story which appeared in a Scotch newspaper:

Alexander Macmillan, now the celebrated London publisher, when a boy, living in the Townhead of Irvine, learned to swim in the Annick. The locality patronised by the youth of Irvine half a century ago was the "lade," or dam above the "Slate" Mill, and, at a part of the river on the Dreghorn side, above the planting, where the bank shows a perpendicular face of a few feet, and the water is deep, the boys who could swim well were in the habit of throwing somersaults into the river. "Sanny," it may be remarked, was not in the front rank of the swimmers, but had a full share of the tenacity and pluck of the healthy Scottish urchin of ten or a dozen years of age. One summer evening fifty years ago or so, the feat of throwing a somersault into the river had just been

accomplished for the first time by one of Sanny's cronies, and, elated with his success, he had no sooner done sputtering and blowing than, from the centre of the pool, he challenged young Mac to follow his example. Mac, *in puris naturalibus*, stood hesitating on the brink. "You're frichtit; your're a coward," shouted the callan in the water. The taunt nearly cost Sanny his life. "That was never telt of a Macmillan yet," he hotly replied, and, backing to have a run on the green turf, he made an impetuous rush, and sprang from the bank. There was a miscellaneous whirl of head, legs and arms, and a terrible splash. The wind was knocked so completely out of "wee Sanny" that, but for the help of the boys who were near, it would have stood hard with the future publisher of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The characteristics of the boy, we believe, have not failed the man. A determination not to be beat, but pluckily to venture and to win, has no doubt helped materially to raise Alexander Macmillan to the high position he now occupies.

Of the period intervening between his school days and the time (October, 1839) when he joined his brother Daniel in London there is no definite record beyond what we remember to have heard from his own lips. He taught for two or three years,[1] when still a lad himself, at a school of rough colliery lads at Nitshill, in Renfrewshire, and it was sometimes a hard task for the young teacher to keep control over pupils in many cases older than himself. Later on he was engaged for a time at a school for writing and arithmetic in Glasgow, kept by a Mr. M'Dougall. One of his pupils here was Dr. Alexander Maclaren, the well-known Baptist minister in Manchester, for whom in after years he published many volumes of sermons. To two other episodes in his early life I can only refer incidentally, because I have not been able to

[1] The following extract from a letter of Nov. 29, 1869, on the subject of Sonnenschein's English method refers to this period: "Perhaps you don't know that for three or four years of my early life I was actually engaged in teaching village schools—all the early and most drudgical part of the work. The last year—1838-9—I had 130 children under my care of the poorest, a school in a mining district, many of them Irish."

ascertain exactly to what period they belong.[1] They relate to spasmodic efforts to enter two widely different professions, the medical and the nautical. We know from himself that he at one time, though how long we know not, acted as assistant in a chemist's shop in Glasgow, and there acquired a considerable knowledge of drugs. He also made a voyage to America before the mast, but never repeated the experiment, which is alluded to in the letter printed above. I should suppose that it was due to some outbreak of his always impetuous nature against something in his circumstances or prospects which was not quite congenial. It is certain that, like other young men, he had his period of *Sturm und Drang*, but the experience only served to strengthen his character, and to give him an unusually wide sympathy with "all sorts and conditions of men."

On October 3, 1839 (his twenty-first birthday), he joined his brother Daniel in London as a clerk to Messrs. Seeley, and in 1843 the two brothers started a small bookshop on their own account in Aldersgate Street. The story of the move to Cambridge, first of Daniel and then of his younger brother, is told in Mr. Hughes' memoir, and need not be repeated here. In that volume, which was written at my father's request in order that the noble character and achievements of his elder brother, to whom he owed so much, should not be forgotten, his own part in the establishment and development of the publishing business was purposely kept in the background. The letters given in the present volume sufficiently testify, however, to the strenuous work which my father did after his brother's death in 1857, and it is therefore enough to say of the earlier period that he was throughout his brother's right-hand man, in full sympathy with his high aims, while he was able from

[1] See, however, reference to his early visit to America in a letter to my mother on p. xxxvii.

his bright and enthusiastic temperament to bring valuable elements to bear upon the influence which old Cambridge men of the period from 1843 onwards agree in attributing to the two brothers.

Towards the end of his life my uncle's continued ill-health, necessitating long absences from home, threw more and more of the burden of the business upon my father, and this prepared him when the time came to carry on the work alone, but always, as he felt to the last, under the inspiration of his brother's example. For two periods of many months each, in 1848 and again in 1855, Daniel was away at Torquay, and daily correspondence passed between the brothers. The absent partner was kept informed of every detail of the business, the callers in the shop, the letters received, the sales effected, and the like. All proposals for publication were fully discussed, and no step taken without consultation. This was indeed carrying on business under exceptional difficulties, and the strain upon the partner on the spot, and the anxiety to his brother who was thus struggling against constant ill-health to keep in touch with and guide his younger brother, must have been tremendous. I print a few extracts from my father's letters to his brother, and further use of this remarkable correspondence will be made in Mr. Graves' forthcoming biography.

*Extracts from Letters to* DANIEL MACMILLAN.

*October 15th*, 1848.

About talking: I have fallen upon a passage in George Fox's *Journal* that takes my fancy much, and which I mean to keep before myself and you; it is this: He came to some town where there was a large body of professors, who had been very eminent for piety and godliness, but they had unfortunately got infected with Kantism and went all wrong. "I told them," says the honest George, "that after they had such meetings, they did not wait upon God to feel His power, to gather their minds inward that they

might feel his presence and power among them in their meetings, to sit down therein and wait upon him; *for they had spoken themselves dry*; they had spent their portions, and not *living* in that which they spoke of, they were now becoming dry." The truth-speaking George! Verily it is a most valuable and instructive book this of his. His simplicity and courage and tender-heartedness makes one almost love and venerate his extravagant doings. One day he goes into a Steeple-house (so he calls churches) and the priest was preaching from the text: "Come ye to the waters he that hath no money, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Then I was moved of the Lord God to say unto Him: 'Come down, thou deceiver; dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them for preaching the Scriptures to them. Mayest thou not blush for shame?' etc. etc. And the priest, like one amazed, hastened away"—as well he might—the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling—which the Honest George most assuredly was not.

The steeple-houses were a sore affliction to him, and he no less to them upon occasions.

*Oct. 17th*, 1848.

I was very glad to have your report of what Mr. Maurice said. I find everything he says as a new spring of life to me. I can assure you I am very much disposed to assimilate my being to what he says about getting out the contemptuous, not the loving and appreciating. May God's grace guide us, that the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus. Surely that was not a contemptuous mind. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," should lie upon us and crush out of us all impatience for others' errors, and fill us with love unfeigned for all our brother-men. Truly Christ's life is too little felt by us, and is too little our life If it were we should not need to mourn so often over envious, hateful thoughts and feelings in ourselves and others.

Do you know, George Fox puts me marvellously in mind of Socrates. Of course there is a wide difference, but still there is that drawing of men's attention to what was *in* themselves—in Socratic language—*looking to the soul how it might become perfect*—in Quaker language, *going to Christ their inward Teacher*—that causes a wonderful similarity.

*October 22nd*, 1848.

Since then I have heard Mr. Carus preach a very excellent sermon. I have noticed lately that he has been dwelling on the nature of salvation—impressing on his hearers the importance of feeling that it does not consist merely nor *mainly* in deliverance from punishment—but was as much, or more, deliverance from sin. One was glad to hear this more and more preached—would to God we could have it more and more realised in our own lives. For I feel how very apt we are even of such things as that, awful and practical as the consideration is, to make them *views of doctrine* which we assert against others. "God's great gift of speech abused" to the desecration of his other gifts—which—if we might venture to say that any of God's gifts are greater than others—would seem infinitely more precious. "Words are good, but not the best," so says one,—but that "*a word in season how good it is*" —we know by daily experience, as well as from the Bible. For instance, our dear friend George Wilson's letter. What a noble and tender soul speaks there: Surely it is the voice of a heart which has been attuned to harmony with the centre of all harmony. I did not know him before he was afflicted. I suppose he was always beautiful in spirit; but his letters, and indeed all his utterances, seem to me to have the tone of a man who has been refined as by fire: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

*Oct. 23rd*, 1848.

I'll suggest that when you want me to answer any questions you make an abstract of them on a piece of paper separate from your letter, which I require to be filled with pleasant gossip, advice, moral reflections, and general discussion on men and things you see and think of. If mine are dry it arises mainly from the natural barrenness of my brain, bald utterance and general confusedness of outward and inward man, but partly also that during the day, as you may guess, I am rather busy, and at night a little tired—or rather lazy—fancying that I am tired—and then I do love my pipe in my mouth, my feet on the hobs, and a book in my hand immensely. Debauchery in that style. Need I tell you that I never do debauch till quite *after business*.

*February 28th*, 1849.

This humanity that we have is in no single, simplest, or most shallow instance to be named suddenly. There is an

Inner Man whom we cannot see under even the vilest or shallowest face. When we learn to reverence the God within, then comes Charity to our hearts—rather is charity not this very thing?

*March 5th*, 1849.

I am very glad to hear so good an account of G——. I am afraid that G——'s selfish theory has a great truth lying in it which the anti-selfish theory overlooks, and therefore fails to convince. It is like the "private judgment" and "upon trust" controversy, men poking each other's eyes out about which oar pulls the boat. After all it is very clear that if I do right and proper for a kind and generous action—and if it is an act of my own—a *conscious* act—I do it for a *reason*. That reason doubtless is with all rational minds because it *fulfils* my proper being—in other words, satisfies us. It may be contrary to our apparent *interest*—certainly it is conducive to our *central harmony*. When Christ said, "He that will find his life must lose it," it seems to me to be taken for granted that the finding of life is desirable—only men are continually seeking after a narrow, exclusive life, not seeing that our life is bound up by infinite cords to all other men—as brothers—citizens—members of a Church. I cannot *be* myself till I go out of myself and find my true self in others—but in all this talk is it not evident that self—*true self*—or *life—conscious—my* life is a desirable thing? Why should we weaken ourselves by denying facts?

*March 6th*, 1849.

I wish I could send you the volume of Fraser containing Kingsley's *Yeast*. Hoskin lent it to me from the Union. It is really magnificent. Somewhat fragmentary and crude in its outward appearance, but informed by a most coherent and purposeful spirit. The sudden winding up is painful.

I confess I cannot see what good purpose Mr. Froude could possibly have in writing that book of his. What he says about the inconsistencies of Christians in their treatment of the poor, and also in other respects, is very instructive to Christians. But that chaotic, uncertain character, "all things are out of joint," surely it too is instructive to those who have firm ground—teaching them to sympathise with those who have not yet reached the desired haven—but to the poor strugglers so numerous in our time, it is not well to have the confusion worse confounded, the chaos made more chaotic.

*March 9th*, 1849.

I have been reading the *Gorgias* of Plato. It is exceedingly fine. It would be quite worth a philanthropic man's while to print these dialogues as cheap tracts to circulate among the more intelligent of the working men in our large towns. Any Society for diffusing useful knowledge could not do better than diffuse them. One ought to learn from Socrates that violence does not form any essential part of the means for propagating it.

*September 5th*, 1854.

I do very heartily wish you joy this day and many such days. I do most sincerely sympathise in all your gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and in the estimation you put on the gift He this day gave you—more precious than any possible gift except His own love in its Highest Manifestation, and, indeed, is it not a portion, a type, of this very blessing? Surely God was gracious both to you and to me in this strange land, where without having to kill any Canaanites we have got a promised land.

*October 6th*, 1854.

Your remembrances of our course of life since we came to England should indeed fill us with gratitude and humility and hope. Wonderfully indeed have we been guided and blessed. When I look on your two noble boys and on my own fine little fellow—for such he really is in spite of his father's praise—and think on the wives whom God has given us, and our position here, and indeed in England, surely there is reason why we should gird up our loins to do something for God's Kingdom. That too is simple, and requires only patient and hopeful attention to the work given us. What do I not owe you, my noble brother, for your patience with my weakness and faults, and for your help and example all these years! God knows, who is the giver of all good gifts and the root of these blessed family ties, and who made that blessed human heart, by which indeed we do live if we live really human lives. I am far from being a good man of business, brother, husband, father or citizen, and yet I feel a power of entering into the blessedness that belongs to all these that gives me hope for myself in spite of all my failings, for it makes me feel that the Spirit of God of order and love is at least strong with me, and trying to help me in spite of my worthlessness. How naturally in these moods one looks back to home and the mother with

whom God blessed us; oh, how deeply. There is nothing to compare with this blessing. One hardly feels as if she were absent, the words of love and forgiveness she spoke in those last solemn hours before she passed into the Unseen are still here, and fill me with a joy and peace that not even the remembrance of my undutifulness can seriously disturb. But surely it should make me more eager to fulfil all present duty.

*October 11th*, 1854.

Much thanks for your long and most pleasant letter—wise and loving like yourself. But you must not say that there are not advantages in having larger rooms, better clothing, and better food. They do not constitute happiness certainly—indulgence causes misery. But after all, tight circumstances, no more than tight boots, are comfortable, and I confess I look forward with much pleasure to the time when everybody shall be in tolerably easy circumstances. It is not to be despised, and the old life is not to be lusted after any more than the flesh pots of Egypt.

*October 14th*, 1854.

Bishop Colenso dropped in to-day and asked to have some private talk. It was this: He wants to make up a companion to *Holy Communion* out of the writings of Mr. Maurice. Mr. M. has given his consent to the project, and any profits which arise from it are to be devoted to the Bishoprick of Natal. He said he thought we would forego any trade profits ourselves, as he would look on it as a great triumph to be able to make a good round sum out of Mr. Maurice's writings for missionary purposes. His idea is to make some such book as Wilberforce's *Eucharistica*. He says, and truly, that the wide circulation of such a book would do a great deal to dissipate the prejudice which so unjustly exists against him, and so do great good to England. For the excellent Bishop is not less enthusiastic in his admiration of the prophet, and even accepted this designation for him as heartily as any of us less dignified and younger men.

*October 20th*, 1854.

Mr. Wayte wrote to say that the executors of Mr. Deighton had agreed to go on with his book. It was a very civil letter, and there was no help, besides we ought not to grudge anybody anything. I do so deeply feel how envy in any shape and towards any one weakens and degrades. Some people debase more than others under the feeling—I most of anybody, I

think. You can hardly imagine what deep peace it gives me when I can get heartily to contemplate the success of others, even of rivals. We ought surely not even to envy those who appear to have a spite at ourselves. God make us unselfish and like Himself! Why should I have indulged in this moral reflection just at present, when I feel rather in a hurry? I am sure I don't know. There it is, however.

*May 6th*, 1855.

To-day is the day of rest, of your dear wife's churching, of our communion, and also of very strong promise of rain to the earth. Vipan too is very decidedly better. So one ought to have quiet and peaceful and thankful thoughts. I have been thinking several times to-day how very wrong it is to allow business cares and thoughts to intrude into the blissful Sabbath. I don't think that the old Puritan notion was wholly right; I think there were, and are, terrible evils connected with it; but after all there is a wonderful truth in it, and I certainly feel stronger and freer and better this quiet Sabbath night for the rest and restful thoughts it has brought.

*May 14th*, 1855.

I should so like to see you all at your breakfast table this morning. The grave, black man and the quiet, strong, gentle, wee wife. God bless you all.

*May 28th*, 1855.

A long letter from you is always a very great treat to me, next to what a long chat would be. My power of writing is so poor and costive that it always is inadequate both to my own wishes to what you have a right to expect. But such as it is I know you will always take it in a brotherly spirit. It surely is a blessing that God has built us in families and knit us together by natural bonds which we cannot ignore, and not left us to our wayward wills to settle for themselves whom they should love and to whom they should attach themselves. What a terrible thing it would be if we were all by some inconceivable process to be tumbled miscellaneously into this world without father, mother, brother, sister, and told to pick our path in life and our friends as we could; fancy the heartbreakings and pulings and blighted affections there would be. We should be caterwauling like midnight cats continually. Melchizedec was no doubt a pleasant old gentleman, but I don't think I envy him. No! father and mother are very excellent institutions,

and brothers too, as I know to my soul's comfort. But the best institution that ever was conceived may be made of precious little worth if one chooses; but I have not merely the institution of brotherhood to be thankful for, but a brother, and a very good one too.

*May 26th*, 1855.

I told you hurriedly about Todhunter's eagerness after a literary paper. His notion was for a weekly, or at any rate a fortnightly publication—made, however, rather into a magazine than a newspaper. He says he is determined it shall be done, so if that is the case we might as well have a share in it. My idea is to make a thing like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and call it *The World of Letters*. Sir James Stephen was very eagerly advising that we should do something of the kind too. "You have such material here, and it would do your general business so much good." It really was very kind of the old gentleman. I said the great difficulty in this sort of thing was to find a competent editor. He said, "Suppose an editor found," in a sort of significant way, that had I been in the position to strike a bargain I should certainly have said, "Could you name one?" . . . I believe a thing of that kind might be got up to an enormous sale if made tolerably cheap—1s. or 1s. 6d. However, it is a matter of talk after all. I am pleased with my title: *The World of Letters, or Chronicle of Literature.*

*July 26th*, 1855, *recording a visit to Charles Kingsley at Eversley.*

I reached Winchfield about half-past six, and had a good five miles' walk along a high road that once was very much frequented by mail coaches, and across a heath wild and wonderful—about one half of each. They were both exceedingly interesting. The road runs through two very nice little villages, Hartley Row and Hartford Bridge, and all the way is very prettily wooded. A peculiarity was that near the villages there stretched on each side of the road for a considerable distance nice grassy commons well sprinkled with very pretty trees, and frequent with geese and cows and pigs.

. . . I strolled out about the garden and churchyard and down the road towards the village and back again. I at last subsided on a gate, and lit my pipe, and enjoyed the exquisite quiet of the evening twilight. A great white owl came flapping over my head, and again all was still. It was now close on

nine and my pipe was out, and I descended from my perch and began strolling towards the village again, when I heard voices in the distance, among which I shortly distinguished the parson's well-known, although uttering something about building churches. Presently he was on me, and I had his warm shake of the hand and greeting: "Ah, Aleck, this is too delightful." He bade his friend, who seemed like a well-off young farmer, good-night, and we went into the house, where he ordered some supper—cold beef and cold plum pudding and beer. After that we retired to his "little den," as he called it, had much talk and considerable pipes and beer, till about half-past twelve, when we went to bed. I had a capital night's rest and a delightful bath, and we got into breakfast about nine o'clock. After breakfast we walked out in the garden, and then the parson, furnishing me with a pair of shooting boots, took me up through a meadow to see some men who were mowing. He had a lot of talk with them in a kindly way, asking of this man's child and that man's wife in true human interested way, that they seemed quite to understand and respond to. We then went back to the house. It was about half-past eleven by this time, and he had decided on coming up to London with me, so off we started on my walk of the night before. Over the heath he discoursed to me about the various historical associations connected with places we could see in the distance—how Sir William Cope's house, which we saw in peeping through trees over there, had been a castle built by our Scotch James for his son, Prince Henry, and how after his death he could not endure it any longer, and sold it to some nobleman, through whom it had descended to its present owner —how over there was an old Roman camp, and on the other side Alfred had fought the Danes, and similar traditions. Going through the two villages he was accosted by various farmers and butchers and peasants, and had a kindly word of enquiry and greeting for all.

*August 4th*, 1855.

I don't know if it has occurred to you that my dear new boy came into the world the same day that, twenty-two years ago, our dear Sainted Mother died. I find on reference that it was on the first of August, 1833, that she died. Is it Popish to say, "May her spirit watch over him"? I think it is at least a good and wholesome feeling to believe she will. I feel perfectly sure that many a time I have been saved doing and thinking wrong by the consciousness of her presence.

*August 8th*, 1855.

*9th.*—Last night I was induced to go over to Shelford to hear a young man of the name of Spurgeon preach, and after we came home William Johnson took me to see him. He certainly has the most marvellous gift of eloquence I ever heard. He used in London to fill Exeter Hall, and thousands go away not able to hear him, and after hearing him I really am not surprised. There is a curious simple-minded egotism and vanity about him in private. He is a hyper-Calvinist, as he says, but in preaching it was marvellously like Maurice.

*August 30th*, 1855.

Your letter to-day ought to be a lesson to me; if I were not a dull learner it would be. I really feel ashamed when I recall the querulousness of some of my late notes. You must make some allowance for a man with chronic dyspepsia. You can hardly realise, I don't wish you ever should, the utter unreasonableness of a man whose acrid stomach is always getting into his brain and clouding his heart. I don't know whether I have ever said it to you before, but I may hazard repeating it, nothing has ever struck me with more admiration than the fact that our old countryman, John Knox, should have done all that he did with a weak stomach constantly tormenting him. The dear old man; and yet we know that he was most kindly natured, human as ever man was, with the warmest sympathy and the most resolute will, writing and acting and speaking wise and healthful and helpful words and deeds, and bringing—did he not bring?—a savage and degraded people, by God's help, into something about as noble as the world has ever seen. And here am I, poor spoony individual, allowing my paltry ailments to interfere with the simple, most blessed, fulfilment of my common brotherly duty. I felt at first reading of your letter to-day a little annoyed at your complaint of *loneliness*, but on more careful thinking over it I feel indeed that so far as I am concerned it is quite a just complaint. I must just say one thing, not in my own defence, but merely as a simple statement of fact, I have never felt concerning your enforced idleness that it was otherwise than the most grievous calamity and trial your active and helpful nature could undergo, and if I have ever seemed to grumble that I had too much to do it never has been even a momentary complaint of want of help from you. In the first place, I really have not any more work than I ought to be able easily to do. And in the next place, I never for a

moment forget that I owe to you that I am in the position, with so little labour, to enjoy so many blessings. Are not my position in life, with its wonderful pleasures and duties, more blessed than pleasures, my wife and the dear *results*, under God, your gifts to me?

*September 11th*, 1855.

*September 12th*, 1855.—This is a glorious morning, and the sun is clearing all mists from the earth. One ought always to be able to live in some such atmosphere if it were not for our self-born mists and clouds. Well, here we are to do our duty under whatever sky. But the walk down from Park Terrace in the clear pleasant air has filled me with a sort of material joy, deepening down towards a truer and more rooted. Do you know I do think happiness is very good for people, notwithstanding all that the moralists do aver?

In August, 1851, Alexander Macmillan married Caroline, the eldest daughter of Augustine Brimley, a leading merchant in Cambridge, who afterwards held the office of Mayor. His son, George Brimley, the well-known essayist and contributor to the *Spectator* and Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, died in June, 1857, within a few months of Daniel Macmillan. The connexion was helpful in stimulating my father's keen interest in literature, philosophy, and religion, for all such subjects were studied and discussed with no less zest in the Brimley family than by the two Macmillan brothers.

1857–1863.

The letters which follow belong entirely to the period after my uncle's death in 1857. Even before that date the idea of starting a house, or rather a branch, in London, to give them wider opportunities of coming into contact with new authors, had been discussed between the brothers, who were agreed in thinking the step desirable. It was not, however, actually taken until 1858, when a house was leased, No. 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and my cousin, Robert Bowes (son of my father's eldest

sister, Margaret), who had been helping in the Cambridge shop since 1846, was placed in charge of it. For the next five years it was my father's regular habit to spend each Thursday night in London, and to keep open house that evening in Henrietta Street for any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters. These "Tobacco Parliaments" were a very important feature in the development of the publishing business, especially after the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine* in November, 1859.

It is well known that Daniel and Alexander Macmillan were among Tennyson's earliest and most ardent admirers, and did much to stimulate the interest of Cambridge men in the new poet. It was no doubt the influence of the *Idylls of the King* that led my father, when the project of a magazine was first under consideration, to wish to call it by the name of *The Round Table*, and it was only under pressure from his friends James MacLehose,[1] Tom Hughes, David Masson (the first Editor), and others, that he was finally persuaded to give it his own name. It will be gathered from a letter of October 27, 1858, to James MacLehose, that it was in the first instance intended that the new periodical should be a quarterly, and this idea was only abandoned because of the announcement that Messrs. Bentley were contemplating the issue of a new political quarterly, to which, among others, the late Lord

[1] As so many of the earlier letters in this volume are addressed to Mr. MacLehose, it may be well to explain that my father's intimate friendship with the well-known bookseller and publisher of Glasgow had been inherited from his brother Daniel, who had first met young MacLehose in Glasgow in 1832-3, and afterwards renewed the acquaintance in London, where from 1837-43 they were both employed by Messrs. Seeley of Fleet Street, my father joining them there in 1839. After his brother's death there was no one to whose sympathy and advice my father more constantly had recourse, though it did not follow that the advice was always taken. The tie has been drawn still closer in the present generation by a double marriage between the two families.

Salisbury was to be a principal contributor. That project in the end fell through, but not before it had been decided that *Macmillan's Magazine* should appear as the first shilling monthly. The opening number came out in November, 1859, and its great rival, the *Cornhill*, with Thackeray as Editor, first saw the light in January, 1860.

To go back to the Thursday evenings in Henrietta Street, which are often alluded to in the letters which follow, I may add that a round oak table was specially made for use on these occasions, and still exists in our London office. If we had no other evidence as to the interesting people who frequented these gatherings, this table itself still bears on its bevelled edge the autograph signatures of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Thos. Hughes, David Masson, J. M. Ludlow, G. S. Venables, Huxley, Franklin Lushington, Edward Dicey, F. T. Palgrave, Alfred Ainger, Coventry Patmore, Llewelyn Davies, and William Allingham. The letters themselves, and many others not included in the selection, show that this is by no means an exhaustive list. In the early days the contents of next month's magazine were frequently discussed, and Masson, the Editor, and Thos. Hughes, a principal contributor, and in the first instance a part proprietor, were almost regular in their attendance.

In the year 1863, the remarkable development of the business led my father to decide that London must now be its centre, and he took accordingly the old-fashioned and commodious house at Upper Tooting, which, first under the name of *The Elms*, and then re-christened *Knapdale*, after the region in Argyllshire, where the Macmillan clan once had its seat, was his home for twenty-five years. The period from 1858 to 1863, however, covers not only the establishment of the Magazine, but the first beginnings of several other projects which helped to swell the reputation of the firm. For to these five years belong the early

volumes of the Golden Treasury series, the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, Freeman's *Federal Government*, the series of *Vacation Tourists*, edited by Francis Galton, the *Tracts for Priests and People*, Westcott's *Canon of the New Testament*, and not a few other books both literary and educational, which brought fame alike to author and publisher. Of these perhaps the most notable is Kingsley's *Water Babies*, which I well remember my father reading to us as children at Cambridge, either from manuscript or proofs.

Nothing is more striking in reading through the letter-books, from which only a small selection has here been made, than the extraordinary activity both of mind and body that they imply. Not only is every letter written in Alexander Macmillan's own hand, but it is evident from their contents that during the whole of this period, as for many years later, he himself read practically every manuscript that was submitted to him, and although he might now and again get a second opinion from a friend, he acted for the most part on his own judgment. He often refers to his difficulty in finding a "taster" whom he could trust. He would write long and able criticisms even of the rejected manuscripts, in which his love and knowledge of the best literature and his own ideals were always in evidence.[1] And the books which he published for new writers, and even for those of established position, constantly benefited by his revision both in manuscript and proof. The letters illustrate also his strong convictions in matters of religion, his keen interest in social and political problems, both at home and abroad,[2] and his desire

[1] The interesting letter to Mr. Thomas Hardy on p. 245 is a notable example.

[2] They show for instance with what keen interest and sympathy he followed the struggle for freedom in Italy, and the Civil War in the United States, where from the first he espoused the cause of the North, though fully alive to the dangers involved in the at times arrogant and high-handed action of its leaders.

to make his work as a publisher tell in favour of all that was "pure, lovely and of good report." Of his special interest in religious questions, the references in the letters to the controversy evoked by the publication of *Essays and Reviews* are a characteristic illustration, though I have given only a few out of many which deal with the subject. His feeling, it will be seen, was all in favour of the fullest and fairest discussion of religious problems.

I do not propose to say here more of my father's home life than is necessary to explain allusions in the letters, but it should at any rate be recorded that when his brother died in 1857 my father at once took his widow and four young children into his own home, and the two families were brought up side by side, first at Cambridge, and afterwards in the new home at Upper Tooting.

So long as he lived at Cambridge my father took an active interest in various public movements in the town, including the Industrial School, which was started by Bishop Harvey Goodwin, who later gave an account of its admirable work in an early number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the Cambridge Working Men's College, which was established in 1855 on the lines of the well-known College started in London by F. D. Maurice and others, and of which a record brought down to the present day has recently been published. Among the teachers in this Cambridge College were Harvey Goodwin, J. B. Lightfoot, F. J. A. Hort, H. M. Butler, H. J. Roby, and J. B. Mayor. Alexander Macmillan, besides taking part in the teaching, acted for three or four years as Hon. Secretary. In the early days of the Volunteer movement my father at once enrolled himself (see p. 44), but soon found it impossible to give the necessary time. Though he never took up any form of sport, he was, until well into middle life, an active walker, and took much exercise in that form, both in

Cambridge and near London, as well as in his scanty holidays.

1863–1873.

The period now in question is on the whole the most important in my father's life. He had reached the maturity of his powers, and the success already attained gave him confidence to strike out and develop the business in many new directions. His appointment in 1863 as publisher to the University of Oxford was a notable recognition of his business capacity, and although he claimed to be left free to carry on his own independent work in London, he threw himself with characteristic loyalty and eagerness into the development of the Oxford publishing, while he greatly valued the close and cordial relations into which his position brought him with leading Oxford men, such as Jowett, Dean Liddell, and others. Mr. Thomas Combe, at that time printer to the Clarendon Press, was also a much valued friend and co-adjutor. I have selected two or three letters only to illustrate this side of his work, but it should be said that for many years he attended regularly the weekly meetings of the delegates in Oxford, and remained until the end of his term of office in close relations, both by letter and personally, with Professor Bartholomew Price, the able and energetic secretary to the delegates.

The break-up in 1863 of the well-known publishing business of J. H. Parker & Son led to the transfer to Macmillan & Co. in this and the following year of the earlier works of Charles Kingsley (including *Yeast*, *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*), of F. D. Maurice, of Miss C. M. Yonge (including the *Heir of Redcliffe* and the *Daisy Chain*), and of Archbishop Trench. In the case of the first two the change merely strengthened a connexion already existing, but with Miss Yonge and Archbishop Trench my father had had no previous relations. In both cases the business association led

to intimate personal friendship, which was not affected by the fact that when, some twenty years later, Archbishop Trench's son became a publisher his father's works were quite naturally transferred to the new firm of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

It will be seen from the letters that the move to Upper Tooting almost coincided with the building of a new office at 16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where the business was carried on until 1873, when its steady expansion made it necessary to move once more to a larger site at 29-30 in the same street.

The letters of this period touch incidentally on most of the important enterprises of the firm. New volumes, including the *Book of Golden Deeds*, the idea of which was suggested by his sister-in-law and partner Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, were added to the Golden Treasury Series. In 1864 the appearance of the *Globe Shakespeare* marked a new departure, in offering for the first time a really scholarly text of the great dramatist at a low price. The choice of the title, which as the letters show, was upheld against the opinion of the learned editors, was the publisher's own, and was a proof at once of his vivid imagination and his sound judgment. The following years brought companion editions of Scott, Burns, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Morte D'Arthur*, Goldsmith, Spenser, Pope, Cowper and Dryden, besides prose translations of the works of Virgil and Horace. The Globe editions of Milton and Chaucer, though planned during the period under notice, did not appear until much later, the Milton in 1877, the Chaucer only in 1898. The year 1864 was signalised by the publication of Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* and Sir George Trevelyan's *Cawnpore* and *Competition Wallah*. In 1865 W. G. Palgrave's *Travels in Arabia*, Lightfoot's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, marked successes in widely different fields. In 1866

came *Ecce Homo*, a book, as the letters show, in which my father took the deepest interest. The authorship, as is well known, long remained a profound secret, and there is a legend, which I have been unable to verify, that on one occasion the publisher invited a party of notable men to meet the author of *Ecce Homo*, and though Professor Seeley was among them the company separated without solving the mystery. The appearance in the same year of Professor Huxley's *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* and Professor Roscoe's *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry*, marked the first fulfilment of a long cherished idea that the introductory books on a subject should be written, not by the ordinary teacher, but by the recognised masters in each branch. Both Professor Huxley and Professor (now Sir Henry) Roscoe became his intimate friends. This and the following year, 1867, saw also the publication of Sir Samuel Baker's two great books of travel, *The Albert Nyanza* and *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, and the publisher's letters on the subject aptly illustrate a trait which the present Lord Tennyson recently named to me as eminently characteristic of my father, I mean his loyalty and devotion to his authors, and his desire to identify their interests with his own. The same period saw the launching of various periodical publications such as *The Practitioner* (1868) and *Nature* (1869), and new series such as the Sunday Library, of which the first volume, Farrar's *Seekers after God*, appeared in 1868, Reynolds' *System of Medicine* (Vol. I. in 1866) and the *Science Primers*, edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart, of which the first volume, Roscoe's *Chemistry*, appeared in 1872, and to which his old friend Sir Archibald Geikie contributed the volumes on *Geology* and *Physical Geography*. The Sunday Library was a series of my father's own devising, in which he took a keen personal interest. If, as a whole,

the Library did not quite fulfil his expectations in popular acceptance, so that in the end it was broken up, it produced some notable volumes which, like Dean Farrar's already mentioned, Hughes' *Alfred the Great*, Kingsley's *Hermits*, Dean Church's *St. Anselm*, and Mrs. Oliphant's *St. Francis of Assisi*, are still in regular demand.

Alexander Macmillan's visit to America in 1867, to which full reference is made in the letters, strengthened his already keen interest in that great country and its people, and led before long to the establishment of an agency in New York.

During this journey of nearly three months he visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal, and described his experiences graphically, though somewhat hurriedly, in letters home to my mother. A reference at Montreal to the effect that the town was much changed since he saw it thirty years ago seems to give the date 1837 for the voyage to America which I mentioned earlier in this narrative. As an indication of the pleasant society which he met and enjoyed so greatly, the following extract may be given from a letter dated Boston, Sept. 27 :

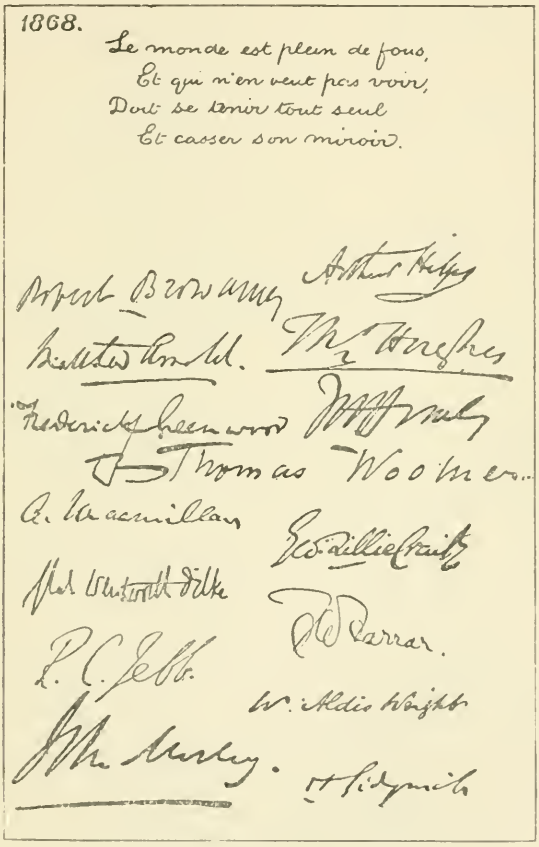
"The dinner at the Atlantic Club came off yesterday at half-past two, and a pleasant affair it was. Agassiz and Lowell were not there, but Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes were. Longfellow was in the chair. The Hon. Charles Sumner was on his right, I on his left. Emerson sat next me. Holmes was on the other side, and some six or eight others whom I cannot name were there. I had a great deal of talk with Emerson, more with Longfellow. After dinner Holmes changed his seat, and came to have a talk with me. He is a nice, brisk, clear-headed man, very pleasant and bright. Sumner, who is quite a leading statesman, and knows all the English statesmen, afterwards came to talk to me also. With him I talked politics. He is very tall and a fine looking man. Longfellow is the sweetest, pleasantest-looking man I have met since I came here. He was very gracious, and urged me to come and lunch with him to-day. Emerson

too wanted me to go and see him at Concord, which is 40 miles off. This I am sorry I cannot do, but I did go to Longfellow's to-day, and met Lowell and a Professor Child. I had a great deal of talk with Longfellow. His house is very beautiful inside—outside it is of wood, but looks quiet and nice. It is in Cambridge, but still in the country substantially, stands by itself in the midst of trees and a garden. We dined very simply at one, and went afterwards into the garden and smoked. He is as much of a smoker as Tennyson, and gave me a pipe as a memento."

Several of the letters refer to the dinners which for many years my father delighted to give on April Fool's Day in his house at Upper Tooting, or at the Garrick Club. It was his habit to have a menu printed appropriate to the occasion, and on the back of the card he would reproduce in facsimile the signatures of his guests, among whom were to be found year by year some of the most notable names in literature, art, science and public life. Several of these menus survive, and I reproduce here the lists of signatures for the years 1868 and 1871. There was no day in the year to which the host looked forward more eagerly, and his determination that it should be an occasion for free and genial intercourse among all who thus consented to "wear the motley" under his roof, never failed to secure an evening of true enjoyment, lightened by the unrestrained flow of wit and humour. Annual gatherings of a different kind, which were no less keenly enjoyed by the giver of the feast, were those of the staff at the office, which were held in the summer for many years at Upper Tooting, and were often attended also by authors and other friends of the house.

A word should be said of the controversy which arose in 1864, between Charles Kingsley and Dr. Newman, which led to the publication of the famous *Apologia*. My father's letter to Dr. Newman of Jan. 6, 1864, shows his desire to be scrupulously fair, but it was inevitable that his sympathies should lie with

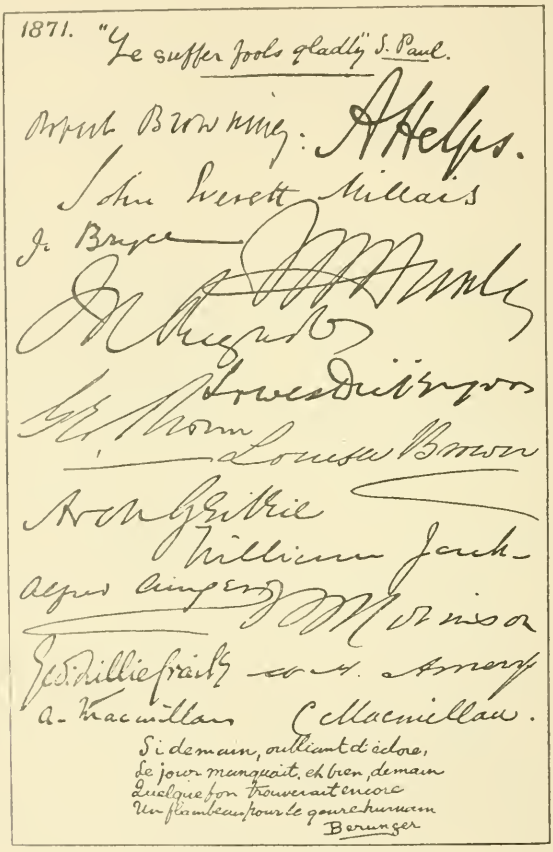
his old friend, and he accepted the full responsibility for the publication of Kingsley's first article in the Magazine. The whole matter engaged his painful




All Fools' Day Dinner, 1868.

interest, and involved far more correspondence than it would be worth while to print now that the controversy has to a great extent been forgotten, save for the addition to the permanent treasures of literature of one of the most famous of all autobiographies.

My father had for some time been conscious that he must find some one to share with him the ever-growing responsibilities of the business, and in 1865 he took into




ALL FOOLS' DAY DINNER, 1871.

partnership Mr. George Lillie Craik, whose marriage shortly afterwards to Miss Dinah Mulock, drew still closer a very old tie of friendship with the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

The letters of this period imply the making of several

new literary friendships, as, for instance, with E. A. Freeman, who became in later years a frequent visitor at Tooting. As in the letters so in verbal intercourse there were marked differences of opinion between the two men, frankly and trenchantly expressed, but the friendship, rooted on both sides in genuine admiration and esteem, and in the love of common friends like J. R. Green, triumphantly stood all such tests. And, indeed, all who really knew Edward Freeman knew that his bark was worse than his bite, and that a warm heart and real tenderness lay hidden below his downright and often combative demeanour. The *Historical Course for Schools*, planned and edited by Mr. Freeman, belongs to this period. His own masterly introduction, *The General Sketch of European History*, appeared in 1872, and Miss Edith Thompson's *History of England* in the following year. It was about 1870 that Alexander Macmillan first came, through Mr. Stopford Brooke and other friends, into personal contact with Green, which soon ripened into affectionate friendship. Abundant evidence will be seen of this in the letters from the date of the publication of the *Short History of the English People* in 1874, to the death of the historian in 1883.

Some family events, falling within this period, which deeply affected my father, and are mentioned in the letters, should here be recorded. In June, 1866, my youngest brother, Willie, a very bright and promising boy, "the light and joy of our house," was carried off by gastric fever when he was little over two years old. In January, 1867, came the death of his sister-in-law and partner, Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, after a long period of ill-health. In July, 1871, my mother died after some months' illness. In each case the blow, though bravely borne, was severely felt. The first removed a child to whose life, in his own phrase, he "had looked forward with peculiar hope." The second severed a close link with the brother who had been so much to

him, and whose memory was an abiding inspiration. The third deprived him of a companion whose unfailing sympathy and keen intelligence had been of priceless value for just twenty years of strenuous effort, and whose loving wisdom had been his stay in all family relations. It was well that he was able in the autumn of 1872 to restore his "shattered home"[1] by a singularly happy second marriage—to Miss Emma Pignatel, a former schoolfellow of our governess and dear friend, Louisa Cassell. The following extracts from letters to Mrs. Daniel Macmillan and to my mother during this period are of some interest, one giving a pleasant glimpse of home life and feelings, another as showing him in holiday mood and delighting in fine scenery, the third referring to a dinner at the Garrick Club, which from the time of his election there in the early sixties, on the proposal of Thackeray, was always a favourite resort.

*Extract from Letter to his Wife of October 15th, 1864.*

You will hear from Fanny about the Home Department. I must tell you, however, that when I paid my early visit to the Nursery this morning the first object that met my view was the illustrious Winks sitting in his chair and flourishing a spoon and looking like a man of business—with, perhaps, a cross of the cherub, at least in parental eyes—as possible. I am not sure that he has gone into the spoon line yet, I fancy suction is found more suitable as yet. But it was a grand rehearsal. I feel getting very old, and very foolish about all these things. When the young leaf begins to show its green the old begins to brown and feel weak on the stalk. Mystery of mysteries—life pursuing death and death life; youth shoving age from his chair or his tree, and so the circle moves. But we hold thankfully the faith that the life is not in the leaf but in the tree—and all life is in the Living Tree—may ours be there verily and indeed.

[1] See the letter to Leslie Stephen of June 12th, 1878, p. 301.

*Extract from Letter to Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, of September 10th, 1865, during a visit to the Border Counties with Mr. Aldis Wright.*

The walk home from Fraser's after 10 o'clock was superb. We had had no moon, and only occasional glimpses of blue sky ever since we left Moffat. We had very little actual rain, and none really to disturb, but drifting mist rarely amounting to showers, thinly-veiled sunshine, sweeping winds and alternate calms, gave us throughout as pleasant an atmosphere as we could wish. There were actual gleams of sunshine sweeping grandly over the hills, but of that fierce burning sun your kind heart feared for us, there was none. But this walk back from Fraser's was as fine as heart or imagination could wish. We were hardly on the level road, after ascending that sloping retrograde from the Manse, which I daresay you remember, when we were met by a swift sweeping shower which made us hoist umbrellas, under shelter of which we marched steadily on for perhaps a quarter of a mile when the wind and rain began to subside, and very soon there was, if not a great calm, yet a comparative calm. We could put down our umbrellas and look about and above. A great breadth of blue sky prankt with brilliants finer and of a mild fineness such as jewellers might pant for eternities after, was above, and all round the sky masses of dark and thick bright clouds in the wildest and yet most self-contained confusion. Behind the moon, more than half her orb left, was struggling through her fleecy curtain. Anon she burst bravely through, silvering the stream and the valley and the hills, so as to make one shriek with delight. In the meantime we filled and lit our pipes, and the calm and imperturbable Wright muttered, "Ain't it jolly!" Another fierce gust and shower, and all subsides except the wind and our pipes under cloud and skilfully-set umbrellas; then again the subsidence and the shine. Suddenly the calm *Keeper*—that's Wright's name now—I am the *Madman*—burst out vehemently, "There's a Lunar rainbow"; and sure enough there it was, with its left foot on the foot of S. Mary's Loch, and its right lost somewhere, there was barely one half visible. But what there was was of a pearly beauty, with colours mimicking those of her stronger brother in the most enchanting way. Till we reached the Douglas Arms she kept waning and waxing and fainting and flushing in a shadowy spiritual way so as to steal down to the depths where memory is life and becomes

part of one's being now and forever. Altogether, it was about as beautiful in the dim spiritual way as anything I have ever seen—a thing to dream of all through one's life.

*Extract from Letter to his Wife of February 13th, 1867.*

Our dinner last night was very pleasant. Shirley Brooks was in great force. We got home by the 11.20 train. Robert Cooke was with us. The party was—Lemon, Sh. Brooks, Dicey, Morley, R. Cooke, Bryce, Charles Clay, George Meredith and ourselves.

1872–1889.

Towards the end of 1872 the constant growth of the business made it necessary to build yet roomier offices at 29 and 30 Bedford Street, where the rest of my father's active life was passed. During this period the younger generation were gradually able to give him material assistance, and finally to relieve him in great measure of the burden of responsibility. Frederick Macmillan, his brother Daniel's eldest son, after a period of training first at Cambridge, both in the bookseller's shop and at the University Press, and afterwards for five years in the New York office, settled finally in the London office in 1876. His eldest son Malcolm, from whose great intellectual ability he had expected so much, did not, unfortunately, develop the necessary business aptitude, and therefore, on the advice of friends, and especially of Mr. J. R. Green, went up late to Balliol College, Oxford, where he formed many valuable friendships, though his career there was unhappily marred by several periods of serious illness. When at last it seemed possible that his wide knowledge of literature and keen critical faculty, might after all prove of substantial advantage to the firm, that hope was again blighted by his sudden and mysterious death. In January, 1874, I left Eton to begin work in Bedford Street, and in 1882 my uncle Daniel's second son, Maurice, who had had a successful

career at Uppingham and at Cambridge, and had then held a classical mastership for several years under Mr. Walker at St. Paul's School, also came into the business. In 1876 my father's old friend, William Jack, joined the firm for a time, until in 1879 he was appointed to the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, which he still holds. Dr. Jack was himself a native of Irvine, and during his distinguished career at Cambridge was a constant visitor in the house at Trinity Street. My father kept in touch with him through his subsequent career as an Inspector of Schools, an Owens College Professor, and Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and it was a peculiar satisfaction to have his old friend and fellow townsman's help for a time in the publishing work, where his expert knowledge of mathematics and science, and his wide and varied experience, were of great value. I have printed at the end of this Introduction a short appreciation of my father from Professor Jack's pen.

I have selected fewer letters in proportion from this later period, partly because, with the help thus available, it was no longer necessary for my father to write so much with his own hand. But until my brother's death in 1889, from the shock of which my father never really recovered, he was still constant in his attendance at the office and took the leading part in all that went on. The early letters of 1873 touch on several important books in which he took a special interest, such as Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*, Sir Wyville Thomson's great record of the Challenger Expedition and Sir Samuel Baker's *Ismailia*. The letter of November, 1873, to Mr. (now Sir) Roper Lethbridge contains the first suggestion of a business in India, which has since assumed an importance hardly dreamed of in those days, though even earlier letters show that

its possibilities were in my father's mind. In 1874 was begun the publication of another great book in which my father took especial pride, *The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, projected and edited by his old friend Sir George Grove, who had in 1867 succeeded David Masson as Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and remained actively associated with the firm until his appointment in 1883 as first Director of the Royal College of Music. The death of F. D. Maurice in 1872, and of Charles Kingsley in 1875, removed two of his dearest and most honoured friends, intimately associated with his whole career as a publisher.

The publication in 1881 of *John Inglesant* was an event which had a special interest for my father, to whom one of the privately printed copies had been sent by Mrs. Humphry Ward. As his letter of Feb. 18 shows he did not foresee, and probably no one could have foreseen, its great popular success, but it was a book which he "felt it an honour to publish," and its publication led to an intimate friendship with its distinguished author, who with Mrs. Shorthouse paid more than one visit to Upper Tooting. In 1882 a long-cherished idea was realised by the publication of Mr. Hughes' delightful *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, and several letters refer to the keen pleasure it gave him to know that his brother's noble character and work would be on record for future generations. In January, 1883, he went out with Mrs. Macmillan to Mentone to give what help and comfort he could to his dear friend, J. R. Green, who died there in March. Two letters to Archbishop Trench and to Dr. Stubbs touchingly record the final scene, and it is interesting to note only two pages later the reference to Archbishop Trench's own death, which, occurring in March, 1886, severed another old and much valued connexion. In 1884, when my father ceased to be publisher to the

University of Oxford, his services were recognised by the honorary degree of M.A., in which he took a peculiar pleasure.

Another event which also belongs to 1884 brought the fulfilment of an old desire, for in that year the works of Lord Tennyson were transferred to Macmillan & Co. More than once in earlier days negotiations were opened, and my father was always most eager that poems for which he had always felt so great an admiration should bear his imprint. But he would never press his claim against a rival publisher or take any step on his own part to persuade an author to transfer his allegiance.[1] It was therefore all the greater pleasure to him when at last the Poet Laureate felt free to propose an arrangement, which has since held good, to the entire satisfaction, as I believe, of both author and publisher. A reference in the same year to the publication of Col. (now Sir Frederick) Maurice's Life of his father recalls another publication in which my father's personal sympathies were warmly engaged.

Enough has now, perhaps, been said of my father's work and aims as a publisher to make the letters intelligible, but a few personal details may be added to complete this brief record. In his earlier years the constant demands upon his time made it impossible for him to go very far afield in his short and often interrupted holidays, but by the time of his second marriage, in 1872, he was less closely tied to the office, and the fact of Mrs. Macmillan's Italian parentage naturally led to his making, in 1873, his first visit to Italy, in which he found such keen pleasure that it was repeated more than once in later years.

In the summer of 1884 he took the Rectory at Haslemere for a month or so, and his delight with what was then the almost untouched region of pines

[1] The letter to Sir Samuel Baker, March 1, 1876 (p. 289), illustrates this point.

and heather on Hindhead, led to his purchase of the property of Bramshott Chase, where he soon afterwards built the house which became his country home for the remaining years of his life. It was here that he celebrated his seventieth birthday on October 3, 1888, and gathered round him a large company of old friends, including Mr. John Morley, Canon Ainger and Mr. Aldis Wright.

In 1888 the fact of his now having this house in the country made him feel that, in view of his advancing years, which made the daily journey more fatiguing, it would be more convenient to settle in London, and he accordingly took the house 21 Portland Place, which he occupied until his death there in January, 1896. The one thing which made him hesitate over this step was the fear that the happy home of so many years would be broken up, the fine old house pulled down, and the land fall into the hands of the speculating builder, who had already begun to change the character of the neighbourhood from a country village to the crowded and unlovely suburb which it has since become. It happened that about that time a Suffragan Bishop had been appointed to the Diocese of Rochester, and as no residence was available for him, my father decided to offer "Knapdale" to the Diocese for this purpose. His first intention was to make the offer conditional on the house being put to this use, but on its being pointed out to him that such an arrangement might lead to difficulties, the gift was made absolute. The house was actually occupied by Bishop Barry for one year only, during the tenure of the see by Bishop Thorold. On the latter's promotion to the see of Winchester, and on the present Archbishop, Dr. Randall Davidson, becoming Bishop of Rochester, for a time no Suffragan was appointed, and the house was let to a layman and the rent applied to diocesan purposes. Not many months later Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, the present Bishop of Worcester, was

appointed Suffragan Bishop of Southwark, but, as he already had a house of his own in the diocese, he could make no use of "Knapdale," which accordingly remained in the occupation of its tenant until the year 1905, when the long-contemplated division of the diocese into the sees respectively of Southwark and Rochester, made it necessary to sell the property, which was bought by its tenant, and the proceeds of the sale given to the funds of the new Bishopric. No doubt the ultimate failure to devote the actual house to diocesan purposes would have been a keen disappointment to the donor, but in so far as the proceeds of the sale have gone to help the work of the church in south London, and the house still stands in its pleasant grounds, his intention has been at any rate partially and provisionally fulfilled.

1888–1896.

We come now to the closing period of my father's life. After the move to London he still for a time came regularly to the office, but in July, 1889, came the crushing blow of his eldest son Malcolm's mysterious death. On recovering from another serious illness, my brother had gone to Greece in the autumn of 1888 with his old college friend (now my brother-in-law), Louis Dyer. When Mr. Dyer left him, early in 1889, Malcolm spent some months in Rome, and then, revisiting Greece on his way, went early in July to Constantinople, to spend a few weeks with another old college friend, Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Hardinge, who was then Secretary to the British Embassy. He had made all arrangements for coming home, but on the eve of his departure made an expedition with Mr. Hardinge to Broussa, in order to ascend Mt. Olympus. The two friends parted company near the top of the mountain, Mr. Hardinge making the direct ascent to the highest peak by the col between that and the lower peak, while my brother, who was less active, preferred the longer and easier

ascent by the lower peak, and so along the col. As he climbed the steep slope of the main peak Mr. Hardinge turned and saw his companion on the top of the lower peak, and waved his hand to him. He never saw him again. After waiting some time on the top of the mountain he rejoined the lad with the horses at the foot of the slope, and found to his consternation that nothing had been seen of the missing man. It was too late to do more that night than search the immediate neighbourhood, but on the following morning a large party came out from Broussa, and an exhaustive search was made, but without finding the slightest trace. By this time the matter had been taken up by the British authorities both in Constantinople and at home; two members of the family went out, and, suspicion having fallen on some of the Albanian shepherds who feed their flocks on the mountains, a full enquiry was held, but the charge could not be proved, and no clue whatever was found, or has been found to this day, to clear up the mystery. But the fact that no trace could be discovered of the missing man, or of any of his belongings, seems to exclude the possibility of a fatal fall.

It can well be understood how such a catastrophe, and the long-drawn agony of waiting for news which never came, must have told upon the father whose affections and hopes had always been centred in this his eldest son. Bravely as he bore the blow, and cherished hope to the last, it struck him to the heart, and he never really recovered from it. His strength, and particularly his powers of locomotion, steadily failed, and it was evident that his active life was over.

And yet in the evening of his days he found much happiness in the society of old friends who visited him either in Portland Place or in his beautiful country home, where, while strength allowed, much of his time was passed. While it was always a pleasure to him

*Alexander Macmillan*
*in his library at Bramshott Chase*
*Drawn by Lowes Dickinson 1889*

to recall past years of strenuous life, and the precious memories of those who had passed before him into the unseen, he never ceased to take an active interest in all that was going on around him—in the joys and sorrows of his children, and, above all, in the steady development of the business, of which he had been so large a part. Of the old friends who still cheered him by their visits, I would specially recall his partner Mr. Craik, Canon Ainger, Mr. Aldis Wright, Sir Archibald Geikie, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, Prof. William Jack, Mr. Tom Hughes (who survived him by only a few months), Mr. John Morley, Canon Benham, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse, Mr. Tom Bain, and his old Irvine friend Mr. Robert Buchanan of Lloyds. To Mr. Dickinson we owe the charming sketch of him, made in his little library at Bramshott Chase, which has been reproduced for this volume. I give also an earlier photograph of him in his prime and the admirable portrait painted for the firm by Mr. Herkomer in 1889.

The end came quite peacefully on January 26, 1896. He was buried a few days later in the lovely churchyard at Bramshott, and the funeral was attended not only by the whole staff from his office, but by a large concourse of friends, many of whom had travelled long distances to pay their last tribute of affection. His grave is appropriately marked by a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the fine old Highland cross which stands at Kilmory Knap in Argyllshire, and bears the legend, "Haec est crux Alexandri Macmillan."

I shall attempt no summing up of my father's character and work. That task, to which it is in any case hard for a son to do justice, has been undertaken by another hand. And the Letters which follow, with the preceding narrative, are perhaps enough in the meantime to indicate the manner of man he was. By

way of supplement I give Professor Jack's reminiscences and appreciation, and, in order to give some idea of the impression he made upon his contemporaries, not only of his own but of a younger generation, I add a few extracts from the remarkable series of letters received after his death. At the end of the volume I have reprinted the obituary notice writen by our dear friend Alfred Ainger for *Macmillan's Magazine*, and also two of my father's own compositions, the lecture delivered after his visit to the United States in 1867, and a touching fragment, "The Child in the Midst," inspired by the memory of the boy he had lost in 1866.

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

## PROFESSOR JACK'S REMINISCENCES

My own friendship with Alexander Macmillan dated from 1855, when I went to Cambridge from Irvine. In his house and his brother Daniel's I made the acquaintance of many of my most valued friends. Both were open with warm welcome to many Cambridge students, who learned more in them of life and its interests and problems than they had been taught in College. The two brothers—men of forty to fifty then—were full of eager sympathy with the young. Naturally, they had seen a great deal, and could introduce us to a good many of the new generation of scholars, thinkers and writers, and there were few subjects that did not come up often in the stimulating talks round their firesides. Young Scotchmen were always welcome, and perhaps, as I came from Irvine, as they did, I may have been received with some special kindness. Friends came about them like David Masson and Dinah Mulock, and Cambridge students like Alfred Ainger, John Kerr, Ralph Fullarton, Lord Justice Stirling, but the brothers themselves, whose beautiful affection for each other seemed to brighten and warm their atmosphere, were always the lights of the two homes, happy with wives worthy of them, and with their children fresh with the promise of the morning, growing up about their feet.

I continued to know Alexander Macmillan well after his brother's death, and when he had removed to London, and I had returned to Scotland. But I came to know him more intimately for what he was after he invited me to become a partner in his famous firm in 1876. Nobody could come into daily contact with him without catching something from his enthusiasm for all that was best and highest in literature and life. He was a man of incomparable force and "driving power," but what was most fascinating in him was the extraordinary freshness and the exhaustless activity of thought which made him the originator and inspirer of so many of the literary

enterprises associated with the name of the firm. I am sure that none of the famous authors with whom he was associated in them failed to recognise how much they owed to his generous initiative, his untiring energy, and the completeness with which he mastered the most complicated details of everything he took in hand, or took in charge. I look back across a generation to many of the days in Bedford Street and nights at Knapdale with him and his family and the friends and famous men who came about him, as among the happiest I have known.

## IN MEMORIAM A. M.

Rev. B. H. Alford. "When such a good man goes it is a common grief in which you will not grudge others their outside share. How warmly the newspapers have spoken, and what a loss this link with the fast disappearing generation of Hare, Kingsley and Maurice!"

Mr. Stopford Brooke. "Few men have done better, steadier work for his friends and for the world. He was not only a publisher but an educator, and beyond that those who knew him loved him, and well he deserved their love. I remember the very first day I saw him as if it were yesterday, and how pleasant and eager his reception was of me. His face and eyes in those days had so vivid a life in them that they were unforgettable. I hope that when I come to die I may have done half as much good work and be remembered as lovingly."

Sir J. Crichton Browne. "He was a man whom from my first introduction to him twenty years ago I instinctively loved and trusted. . . . I have often thought of him as one of the most genial and generous of friends, and that I could lean upon his clear sagacious judgment and kind heart in any great difficulty in life."

Mr. James Bryce. "The news of your husband's death fills me with grief—when I remember all his admirable qualities and the many happy hours I spent with him in the old days, before his wonderfully keen and active mind had begun to suffer from the physical weakness of the last few years. . . . Thirty years ago he was the brightest and most genial of friends, never so happy as when he had his friends round him, and full of sympathy for whatever of joy or sorrow came to them, interested in all good causes, and ready to help in promoting them with a sense of duty and genuine simplicity of character which his success in life had left undiminished and

unspoiled. The recollection of such a character and of the admirable work he did in the world will be, I trust, a great consolation to you and his children in your heavy sorrow. He has left behind few like him."

The Master of Trinity (H. M. Butler). "Pray let me be allowed to add just one word from one who knew him first and best a long time ago, between the years 1851 and 1859. He was always very kind to me during those happy years, and greatly I enjoyed my chats with him on Hare, Tennyson, C. Kingsley, Maurice, Lushington's 'Points of War,' and many others. I remember his doing me the honour to ask if I thought it was worth while to start a new monthly, and I was foolish and ignorant enough to throw a little cold water on it, not foreseeing the individuality that was so honourably to mark *Macmillan's Magazine*. He was emphatically a good man, with a large warm heart. As long as you live his memory must be a sacred treasure to you all."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford. "His kind eyes and fine face are so plainly before me as I write. What a privilege it was to have known him. He was so full of dignity and gentleness and fineness."

Mr. Julian Corbett. "You know perhaps better than any one how much he did for me; how much I learned in those long evenings at Knapdale. It was there I found my career and all that has seemed to make my life worth living, and his memory must always be to me sweet and sacred."

Prof. Boyd Dawkins. "Your father was a good friend to me when I was young, struggling and unknown, and will always remain in my memory as one of my frankest and truest friends."

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott). "From the very beginning of my work your father was constant in counsel and encouragement, and I have always felt how much I have owed to his unfailing kindness. . . . At least all his friends can be thankful that the noble ambition of his life, so touchingly described in the memoir of his brother, has been perfectly fulfilled. The house is an enduring monument."

Mr. H. W. Eve. "I am indebted to him for many kindnesses in past times. Few men, I think, will have left more numerous or more attached friends."

Mrs. Henry Fawcett. "My husband always felt how much indebted he was to Mr. Macmillan for wise counsel and

generous appreciation. He will be deeply mourned and much affection will follow him to his rest."

Dr. FOWLER, President of Corpus. "My intercourse with your father as a publisher, whether on his own account or on that of the University Press, has always been very agreeable, and I have very pleasant recollections of many hours spent in his company whether in London, at Oxford, or at his own house."

Sir WILLIAM GEDDES (of Aberdeen University). "We lose in him a link of golden memories from a great time—a good soul as ever looked forth from human eyes."

Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD. "It was a life so completely fulfilled in all that hope and endeavour set out to accomplish that all there is to regret is the absolutely inevitable end that awaits us all."

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON. "It would be very difficult to estimate all that modern English literature owes to the energy, acuteness and public spirit of Mr. Macmillan; and none know it so well as those men of letters who found in him not only a great power, but a wise friend."

Mr. TOM HUGHES. "He was a man of 1000, and I doubt if I could not tell off on the fingers of one hand all the men I have known who had as strong heads and warm hearts combined."

Mr. WILSON KING (formerly American Consul at Birmingham). "It was my privilege to make two visits to Knapdale, and they live among my most treasured memories. I met with so much kindness and so many interesting people; but very distinctly there stands out from that background the noble and beautiful figure of your father. . . . He was a strong, good man, and if he had never lived the world would be a worse place than it is."

Rev. BROOKE LAMBERT. "I shall never forget a night at Knapdale, when we had been talking of the men he had known, and he looked up at me and said: 'I have lived among the gods.'"

Mr. R. B. LITCHFIELD. "Your father's death has been sending my thoughts back to very old days—forty-five years ago—when by good luck I got to know him at Cambridge. All that long time he was a good friend to me, and I always looked up to him as one of the truest and most wide-minded men it has been my fortune to know. My thoughts go back especially to those nights in Henrietta Street, where there was

always a warm welcome for his old friends, the obscure as well as the famous. For that and other things I shall always feel grateful to him. No one could know him without feeling the force of his character, and honouring him as a good and true man."

Dean of Llandaff (Dr. Vaughan). "The remembrance of him as he sat in his private room in Bedford Street, beginning to feel the approaches of age, yet still as clear and as kind and as sympathetic as ever, is happily still in my possession, and will be cherished while life lasts."

Mr. Vernon Lushington. "Pray allow me as a very old friend of your father to express the esteem and affectionate regard in which I held him, and my gratitude for his kindness and ever cordial greetings."

Mr. James MacLehose (the younger). "He was very good to me, and I shall not forget the talks in the Knapdale library and the bright, cheery welcome at Portland Place and the Chase. His generous estimate of men and things was often a lesson to me, and his loyalty to his friends, his sympathy with younger minds, and his scorn for littleness in life are things to remember and be refreshed by."

Dr. Hugh Macmillan. "It was a noble work that he did in his day and generation. He left the world wiser than he found it. And among the forces that have made the latter part of the nineteenth century what it is, must be reckoned that which your dear husband contributed as not the least. I owe him many kindnesses, which I shall never forget; and I have many precious memories and associations connected with him which form an inalienable treasure."

Dr. J. P. Mahaffy. "His family know well what they owe to him, but far beyond that circle men like me, whom he encouraged when we were small and of no reputation, look back upon him as a benefactor who helped deserving men in the best way wherever he found them."

Prof. David Masson. "The memory of him will be among my possessions till I go too. He was one of the oldest of my friends, and connected with me by the most close and affectionate intimacy through many years. His was a remarkable character, with a combination of faculties and moral qualities such as I remember in no one else, and which has always been to me the key of explanation of his great business achievements."

Sir ALFRED (now Viscount) MILNER. "He lives in my memory, not only by the vigour and charm of his personality, but by the great cordiality and kindness which he always showed towards me in those days when I was just beginning life in London. Such things are not forgotten. I am sure there are many others, from whom you will perhaps never hear, who have cause, as I have, to bear in mind his helpful and sympathetic warm-heartedness, as well as the liberality of his mind and the interest of his conversation."

Mr. JOHN MORLEY (to G. A. M.). "He became my friend when friends were few, and nobody was ever more helpful and considerate. Many another man will say the same of him."

Mr. JOHN MORLEY (to Mrs. Macmillan). "All of us who worked with him—and it is now nearly thirty years since he first took me by the hand—will remember to the end of our days his energy, his justice of mind, his wide sympathy, his tenacity of good purposes. It is satisfactory to see the public recognition that his death has evoked, of the great qualities shewn by him in his life."

Mrs. OLIPHANT. "He has fulfilled his long and laborious life in honour and peace, which is a good thought for those that come after him."

Mr. H. ORRINSMITH (of Messrs. James Burn & Co.). "To be worthy of the esteem of such a man as Alexander Macmillan is a sort of 'cachet.' I have just re-read with tearful eyes two letters written to me long ago full of wisdom and kindness. I leave these to my children as a witness to whatever small merit I may claim. . . . God knows how sincere was my regard for and loyalty to him. I can never forget his kindly help and consideration for me at the outset of my change of vocation."

Mrs. PAGET (late wife of the Bishop of Oxford, and a daughter of Dean Church). "I so well remember your father coming to dine at the Deanery in old days, and how much my father always liked and admired him."

Rev. FRANCIS PROCTER. "Oh, it calls back memories of years. . . . Your dear father has given and left a bright example."

Mrs. THACKERAY RITCHIE (to M. C. M.). "I am indeed glad and thankful to have known him, and to have been one of the many who cared for him, and realised his very great charm and goodness. . . . I somehow feel that there can be but one

emotion of affectionate sad sympathy with you all, and among us all who have lost so dear and kind and good a friend."

Dr. RUTHERFORD (to Mrs. Macmillan). "Many will feel to-day that for a while at least they lose a good and staunch friend. I know I lose the best friend, not kin, that I ever had. He seemed to get at the heart of all who knew him, and to bring out the best that was there. You and he made Knapdale the sort of place that no one who knew it could ever forget."

THE SAME (to M. C. M.). "Your uncle was one of my heroes—one to whom I am conscious of owing a great deal."

Professor HERBERT RYLE (now Bishop of Winchester). "As long as hard work and English literature are held in esteem in our land, so long will the influence which he exerted be understood and valued. No nobler tribute could be paid to his memory than the record of the names of those, his contemporaries, who had him as their attached friend, and who owed it to his friendship that they 'voiced' the best thought of Great Britain."

Mr. J. H. SHORTHOUSE. "He had that wonderful Scottish nature and gift which enables the possessor to *realize* life. He had a grasp of life in its claims and in its possibilities which gave him an insight and sympathy with the claims and possibilities of other men, which I fancy was not only the secret of his success, but the source of his beneficent life in helpfulness to others."

Mr. E. S. SHUCKBURGH. "It is now just thirty years ago that I remember first seeing your father . . . and I remember well to this day how I was impressed by the vigour and brightness of his mind and the width of his intellectual sympathies. His was a character and career of which you all have just grounds to be proud, and it pleases me to think that Cambridge can claim some portion of it as closely connected with itself. I think, besides the grand success of building up such a business, he will be remembered as having raised the moral position of publishing and as having shewn that success may be combined with a real and high regard for the best interests of education and the dignity of literature."

Sir JAMES STIRLING. "The announcement brought a painful sense of the loss of a friend whom I have known nearly forty years. I recall with gratitude much kindness received from him in the old Cambridge days and afterwards."

The Dowager Lady TENNYSON, after referring to the loss of "our true, sympathetic, and much valued friend," added,

"You have all the comfort of looking back on so honourable and distinguished a career, and of feeling that the world cannot but be the better for his work in it."

Mr. F. W. Walker (to M. C. M.). "I enjoyed your uncle's conversation more than that of any friend who has been spared to me. The charm of his intercourse lay, I believe, not in his natural shrewdness nor in his knowledge of men and things, remarkable as these were, but in the goodness of his heart. I do not remember ever to have heard him say an injurious word of any one, or indeed any one to have said an injurious word of him."

Mrs. T. H. Ward. "I am always so glad that I remember Mr. Macmillan in his vigorous energy and fulness of mind. What a rich personality!"

Dr. Welldon (now Dean of Manchester), (to G. A. M.). "His kindness to me in old days, your own long friendship, my feeling for your family, forbid me to keep silence when you are mourning for his loss. What a noble link he was between past times and present, seeming to unite the worthiness of both! I do not venture to praise him to you; but nobody whom I have known made a more distinct and vivid impression upon my mind than he, and it always seemed to me that in him shrewdness and kindliness, strength and simplicity, wisdom and piety, kissed each other."

Dr. Randall Davidson (now Archbishop of Canterbury), (to G. A. M.). "One who has so long been a foremost leader in the great work of helping us *all* to whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report. I have so keen a remembrance of your father's constant kindness to me that I cannot forbear sending you this line of true fellow-feeling in your sorrow. . . . His loss will be felt by thousands who never saw him."

Mr. W. Aldis Wright. "He was my oldest friend, and such an event cannot but make a great severance in the continuity of one's life. . . . He has left you the priceless inheritance of a good name in the best of all senses, and his work shows a record of which you all may well be proud."